

Boddy Had Gun Within Reach On Return Here

Pistol in Open Holster of State Trooper, Chatting With Friend in Car Seat, Made Slayer's Eyes Glimmer

Trial Will Be Rushed

Prisoner To Be Arraigned To-day; Warns Police of Tricks to Hide Weapons

For the space of ten seconds yesterday, in the rear smoker of the 11 o'clock train out of Philadelphia, Luther Boddy contemplated the possibility of a grand finale to the harrowing life he has led since he shot and killed Detective Sergeant Miller and Buckley last Thursday.

Governor Edward I. Edwards of New Jersey, who was on his way from Trenton to Jersey City, had learned that Boddy was on the train and had come to congratulate the detectives. For a few moments attention was taken of Boddy and entered on the Governor's list.

In that time Boddy had a chance to grab a revolver and use it either on himself or the detective guarding him. He recognized the opportunity and considered it and then it passed.

Boddy was turned over to the New York detectives at 10 o'clock yesterday morning by the Philadelphia authorities. Detective Sergeant Edwin England had got in from Harrisburg early in the morning with the extradition papers signed by Governor Miller and Governor Smoot of Pennsylvania.

Prisoner Wears a Blanket

At 10:45 o'clock Boddy and the detectives left the City Hall jail in Philadelphia for the railroad station, across the street. It was raining and a fierce wind was blowing. The slush was inches deep. Boddy was handcuffed to England. He wore a soft felt hat and shoes, which had been given him by the Philadelphia police. Under his hat and fitting his head like a skull cap he wore the top of a woolen stocking. With his free hand he clutched a blanket which had been laid across his shoulders. He had no overcoat.

Crowds trailed him to the station. The detectives hustled him into the rear coach, a smoker. England and Boddy sat together, facing the engine. Detectives James Farrell and Oscar Krauss took the seat facing them. Tom Donohue sat behind Boddy. Tom Marlin and Steve Donoghue, of the Homicide Bureau, sat one seat forward from the prisoner.

The smoker was the most popular car in the train. Crowds collected on the platform and looked through the windows at Boddy. Passengers gazed the whole train started.

Boddy pulled up the shade. He grew affable. He smiled. He smoked the detective's cigars and cigarettes, one after another. He

seemed as unconcerned about the purpose of the trip as if it were a pleasure excursion. He chatted with the detectives, swapped yarns with them, and gave them some advice. In doing so he revealed the fact that he has been for some time a "struck-up" man.

The conversation drifted around to last Thursday night, when Boddy went to the parole board in the public school near the West 135th Street police station.

"Why did you have a gun on you when you went there?" asked England. "I dunno," said Boddy. "I just carried it."

"Did you expect to shoot any one?" "No."

"Did you expect to see Buckley and Miller there?" "No," said Boddy. "They didn't know me, but I knew them."

"You had the gun on your sleeve?" asked England.

"Yeah," Boddy had stuck up time and time again by the cops and arrested time and time again. "I carry my gun like a lot of thieves these days."

"Say, let me tell you, fellows. New York detectives are fearless men. They got more brains in their little finger than out of town detectives have in their whole body. But they're careless. Let me give you boys some valuable advice."

"When you frisk a man hereafter, look at his wrists, work up to his shoulders, down to his hips and then to his ankles. You fellows tap his pockets. A lot of crooks keep their guns up their sleeve."

"I had the butt of my gun tied with a cord that ran up my arm and was fastened to the right armpit of my overcoat. You see, when you got a gun fixed like that and some one sticks you up the gun goes up your coat. When your hands go up. And it falls back into your hands when you bring 'em down."

Easy Disposal of Weapons

"Lots of times when I was arrested I got rid of my gun while the cops were taking me to the station house. Usually I dropped it on the ground while crossing the street."

Then, turning to England, he asked: "How fast do you think you can draw a gun?"

"Two seconds," replied England.

"You're a second and a half too late," said Boddy. "New York detectives make a mistake in carrying their guns in their hip pockets with their coat buttons. My advice is to carry your gun always in your coat pocket. The man with his gun up his sleeve can beat you to the draw. The best way for a detective to carry his gun is on his breast, with the barrel under his arm. Then he's ready for any gun."

Krauss asked him how he felt about the shooting of the two detectives.

"I didn't have any feeling against them," said Boddy.

"Did they treat you rough?" "No," said Boddy.

"Why did you shoot them?" "I don't know. Something happened. I'm awfully sorry now."

Slayer Calls Murder "Foolish"

"Would you do it over again?" asked Krauss.

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" said Boddy, smiling and shaking his head. "A man's foolish to do such a thing."

It was about this time that Governor Edwards and his secretary, Harry Foley, boarded the train on their way to Jersey City. The conductor told the Governor that Boddy was in the smoker and the Governor made

his way to it, followed by his secretary and several passengers.

On the way through the train to the rear coach the Governor met Sergeant George Brown, of the New Jersey State Constabulary, and invited him to come along. The sergeant did. Strapped to his belt was a .45-caliber revolver.

"Well, Governor," some one said, "don't you want to shake hands with Boddy?"

"I'd rather choke a man who has done what he has," said the Governor. Boddy heard him. He looked around with a faint smile.

Sergeant Brown, who had been a few steps away, pressed forward. He went to greet a reporter who was sitting with Donohue behind Boddy. In doing so he leaned over England with his hand on the back of the seat. Boddy turned. Within two feet of him, protruding from its uncovered holster, was the butt of the state trooper's revolver.

The smile on Boddy's face died. His muscles tensed. His eyes, brown as a python's, riveted themselves on the weapon. His left hand caressed his knee. From the waist up he moved forward as if hypnotized.

The reporter saw the movement and the revolver.

"My God, Tom!" he said in a low voice to Donohue. "Look at that!"

Quickly and without fuss, so that even Brown himself was not aware of the situation, Donohue engaged the trooper's attention and drew him away. Boddy's face relaxed. He smiled as he leaned back in his seat.

When the train reached Pennsylvania Station Boddy was taken to the West 123d Street police station in an automobile. From there he was taken to Police Headquarters and was being finger printed when an order came from Justice Wasservogel, directing that the prisoner be brought before him immediately.

Before Justice Wasservogel the formal charge of murder in the first degree was read to him. Counsel for the prisoner was appointed by the court and he will be arraigned to-day for pleading.

When Boddy is arraigned to-day Acting District Attorney Ferdinand Pecora will give notice of an intended motion, returnable on Monday, for the right to impanel a special jury to try the case at once. The Acting District Attorney hopes to have Boddy put to trial January 23.

Attorneys for Boddy—ex-Judge Morris Kohn and Herman Hoffman, who were appointed by the court—announced, however, that they might decide to ask for a change of venue.

Pearl River Suspect Freed

BUFFALO, Jan. 11. George W. Florence, held on suspicion of being the bandit who killed two employees of the First National Bank of Pearl River on December 23, will be released, it was announced by the police to-day.

Residents of Pearl River called here to identify Florence said he was not the bandit.

O. J. Richt, superintendent of the Dexter Folder Company, after looking at Florence in police headquarters this afternoon, said that he bore no marked resemblance to the bandit.

The Dexter plant is across the street from the First National Bank, and Superintendent Richt, among the few persons who had a close view of the man as he ran to an automobile after the shooting.

Loughman Defeats Gerard for Head of N. Y. Athletic Club

Insurgent Ticket Swept in Record-Breaking Margin Over Rival Slate Led by Former Envoy to Berlin

M. Frank Loughman, heading an insurgent ticket, so-called, was elected president of the New York Athletic Club by large majority over James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, on Tuesday night. The annual election was held in the clubhouse in Central Park South.

The victory of Mr. Loughman was a landslide, his majority being the largest ever recorded in the history of the organization. He received 1,434 votes, while Mr. Gerard got 531. The total polled was 2,372.

William C. Doerflinger, running for vice-president with Mr. Loughman, was elected by an even greater majority than that given the new president. His margin over Augustus H. Tamm, the regular nominee, was 711. Frederick R. Fortmeyer was re-elected secretary.

Martin S. Paine succeeded himself as treasurer, and Arthur McAlenney was returned as treasurer. The three last offices were uncontested, the same nominations being made on both tickets.

The election created more interest than has been shown in any similar event in the club in many years, which was partly due to the fact that Mr. Gerard headed one of the tickets and partly to the divergent policies of the opposing factions.

The unusually large number of ballots cast overwhelmed the election officials and it was not until long after midnight that the result was announced. The active electioneering had indicated that the result would be close and the final figures came as a surprise to both sides. It was said that members who had never before been sufficiently interested in club politics to vote in the annual elections put in an appearance Tuesday night to cast their ballots.

Mr. Loughman has been a member of the club for many years and has always taken an active interest in its affairs. He has served on many important committees and is thoroughly familiar with the executive management of the big organization.

Tuesday's election marked the first time in years that a regular ticket had failed of election.

Charles Hopes to Return

BUDAPEST, Jan. 11 (by The Associated Press).—I regard Hungary as my fatherland. I am also convinced that I will return to Hungary."

Former Emperor Charles is quoted as making this declaration to the correspondent of a Budapest newspaper who interviewed him at Funchal, Madeira, where he is in exile.

"I have the highest esteem for the

\$20,000 Watch Part of Burglars' \$90,000 Loot

Robbery of Rich Widow's Home in Brooklyn Work of Two Amateurs, Police Say

A watch of rare Egyptian workmanship and valued at \$20,000 was taken by burglars from the home of Mrs. Regina Tarrab, wealthy Syrian widow, of 6811 Bay Parkway, Brooklyn, early Monday morning, it became known yesterday. The total value of property stolen is said to exceed \$90,000.

Mrs. Tarrab said last night that the watch was one of the only two of the kind in existence. The outside case is set with forty diamonds and 340 pearls. It was made on royal commission for a former ruler of Egypt. The other watch is in possession of an old Persian family.

Efforts of detectives to discover clues to the burglars, who drove up with a truck and automobile during Mrs. Tarrab's absence with her three older children and chloroformed Adele Tarrab, seventeen years old, as she slept, were said last night to have developed evidence on which arrests may be expected to-day. Adele is still under a physician's care.

Detectives said that two men operated in the robbery and apparently were amateurs. Finger prints left by the intruders on articles of furniture were photographed, and casts were made of footprints in soft clay in the rear of the home.

Drowned Sailor's Father Causes Captain's Arrest

Charges Parker Knowlton, Master of the Westbrook, With Violating Marine Laws

Parker Knowlton, thirty-eight years old, of Seaford, Del., captain of the steamship Westbrook, of the Kerr Steamship Line, was arrested last night charged with neglect of duty and violation of the marine laws. He was arraigned before United States Commissioner James H. McCabe and held in \$2,000 bail for examination Friday afternoon.

The arrest was on complaint of Nathan Newman, father of Herbert Newman, twenty-four years old, an ex-service man, who, with Thomas Nor-

vald, another member of the crew, was washed overboard from the Westbrook's deck in a storm off the German coast October 23 last. Newman alleges neglect on the part of the captain and underequipment against the steamship company.

The Westbrook was en route from Hamburg to New York. When near the mouth of the Elbe she was overtaken by a storm, which caused heavy seas to sweep inboard. Newman and Norvald were washed overboard. Newman's father charges that Captain Knowlton made no effort to recover the two bodies.

Captain Knowlton provided bail and was released. He said the deaths were regrettable, but unavoidable. Immediately after the men were washed overboard, he said, the Westbrook cruised about in hope of finding the bodies, but owing to bad weather it proved useless.

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A railroad company bought some new coaches. They were well lighted. The seats were the proper width, the exact height from the ground, and tilted according to the latest scientific ideas of the posture experts. They were designed to protect the health of the passengers.

Trains were sent out with some old and some new cars. At first the newness and cleanliness of the new cars filled them with passengers. But as the days passed, people no longer sat in the new cars unless the old ones were full.

Nobody grumbled. Not a kick was heard. There was no concerted action on the part of the people. They simply had made up their minds individually that the old cars were more comfortable.

Individual opinion is the unit of which public opinion is formed. Though the cars were made according to all the scientific knowledge obtainable, though they were made to please the public (not the officials of the railroad), the people will not sit in the new cars unless they are compelled.

Public opinion must be reckoned with in producing suitable railroad cars and in selling soap, tooth paste, linoleum, shoes, or what you make and sell. If goods of themselves merit favorable public opinion, then good advertising will mould that opinion more quickly than events, more widely than use.

But advertising would not make people sit in the new cars more than once—nor buy valueless goods more than once.

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